"Very good, Your Grace." The butler walked ahead and Luella followed him.

When they reached the first floor she saw that the housekeeper was already there waiting for her. There was no mistaking the black frock with its silk apron and a silver chatelaine falling from an elderly woman's waist. Luella's mother had often told her how the housekeepers in the big houses in England were dressed, She had laughed at the number of servants employed by the nobility.

"Well now, here you are, Miss," Mrs Moore said as Luella appeared. "The little boy was asking for you, an' I don't think he'll settle until you say goodnight to him."

"That is just what I am going to do," Luella answered.

Mrs Moore took her to a room which was only a short way along the passage. It was a large bedroom with a large bed and Enrico looked lost in it. When Luella appeared he held out his arms. " 'Rico in beeg sheep," he said in English, "an' I wanna you come with me."

"I think you must go to sleep in this big ship," Luella said, "and tomorrow I will tell you a story all about it."

"Now! Now!" the little boy pleaded.

Luella shook her head. "You have had a delicious supper," she said, "and I am hungry."

"Choc'late cake! 'Rico have choc'late cake!"

"That is what I hope I shall have too," Luella answered. "So go to sleep now and you shall have your story in the morning."

She kissed Enrico and realised as she did so that he was very tired. He cuddled down against the pillow saying: " 'Rico . . in beeg . . sheep sailing . . over sea."

"That is right," Luella said, "and you can pretend the waves are moving underneath you." His eyelids were drooping, and she knew he would be asleep almost before she left the room.

She was relieved to find that she was in the room next door. She knew that if Enrico was frightened in the night she would hear him. Some of her clothes had been unpacked, and she washed quickly and put on one of her prettiest evening-gowns. It was one her father had bought for her in Rome. Because it had been packed last it was not as creased as it might otherwise have been.

She was used to dressing quickly to set off on one of her father's expeditions or to see something about which he had just been told. She was therefore downstairs again in less than the twenty minutes. Bates showed her into the drawing-room where the Duke was waiting.

As she walked towards the Duke he said: "Excellent! I feel sure that your father's training makes you punctual where most women are exceedingly unpunctual."

"I was just thinking of how often I have had to pack up at short notice everything I possess and set out for a strange country, a mountain, or an ancient building."

"An excellent training for any young woman!" the Duke observed. He spoke rather like a schoolmaster, but his eyes were twinkling.